

"The Man With The Hoe."

Bowed down by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down his brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with curse of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Touch it again with immortality;
Make right the innumerable infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, unmedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?

—Edwin Markham, in San Francisco Examiner.

MISTAKES AND FAILURES.

BY DR. F. W. FOOTE, IRVINGTON, KY.

EDITOR BRECKENRIDGE NEWS:—This is the 7th of March and mercury in the little tube was 90 below the century mark at half past five this morning. So it looks as if we were yet in the midst of our Klondike winter, while in fact spring is here and outside of attending to the stock and getting the supply of wood no farmer in this neighborhood has accomplished as much as \$5.00 worth of what we term spring work.

So we must of necessity be late with our crops this season and as mistakes are always costly and sometimes almost wholly disastrous in their results it would seem wise if farmers would consider well how late it is, and whether or not without materially increasing his man and team force, his ability to plant and cultivate well the crop already contemplated.

I have often thought that if we farmers would make it a point to relate our mistakes and failures to each other and assign the cause if possible it would not be long until our mistakes and failures would give way to success and prosperity.

And although it is hard for a poor mortal to record mistakes when our whole race inherited in some way a rather boasting disposition not altogether unlike a certain Pharisee mentioned in Holy Writ. I will now briefly refer to a few of my mistakes of 1898.

I made a mistake and planted at least 15 acres more corn than my force could properly manage and hence it was not cultivated as rapid and often as it should have been for the best results. The land had been in timothy 4 or 5 years and thinking that early breaking would allow time for the soil to rot and make it pulverize better in the spring, I plowed about two thirds of the field in the fall of '97 and the remainder during January and February. Some of this land was broken when it was a little too wet, this was against my judgment, but many farmers maintain that if the land freezes hard after being broken wet that no ill results will follow. Well, it may do to break some land wet, or as some say (a little heavy), but it will not do for me. It is positively injurious to the land and will surely decrease the yield of grain for that year at least. So it is a delusion and a snare.

Again, I am not at all taken with fall plowing no matter how heavy the soil is as I have never been able even with the disc harrow to prepare fall breaking as well as land broken, say in March. So I am going to say that fall plowing should be assigned a place in the category of mistakes and failures and see if any one will agree with me.

And what of wheat any how. Well, no one can yet say positively what the outcome of the present growing crop will be, but it does look like the poorest prospect I have ever seen in this section. Many fields actually appear almost entirely worthless, though it may come out. Our 1898 crop was immense and brought us lots of the "filthy lucre," which stimulated farmers and all concluded to double his acreage, and we did so to a man. I cannot say what the results will be when this crop is marketed, but the present visible results which I group with mistakes and failures is:—

A very greatly increased acreage of wheat (that we call our wheat) is now exposed to the terrible floods we are

THE SILO CROP.

I always plant a certain piece of corn especially for the silo, and I think I have invariably made some mistake in growing this particular crop. Some of my last year's mistakes in this crop are as follows:—

First, planted it too far away from the silo which considerably increased expense of filling.

Second, planted in hills 4x3 ft. leaving two stalks in each hill. I let corn mature until about ready to cut and put in the shock and then had about half of the corn pulled from the stalk or husked and then cured into good solid corn for feeding purposes. The larger corn only being taken from the stalks leaving the rest to go into the silo.

The first can be remedied by planting nearer the silo, while the second will be treated or dealt with in this way:—

Prepare thoroughly as good land as possible to get near silo and spread on it broadcast all barn yard manure you can; work and rework this land till in thorough good order. Then 150 or 200 lbs. of good commercial fertilizer per acre is all the better no matter how rich the land already is, then plant from the 1st to the 20th of May in rows 4 ft. apart. Good land ought to grow two stalks every 18 or 20 inches. We want tons per acre, that is a heavy growth of well developed stalks even if only moderately well reared. I shall not husk the corn from the stalk again, but let the whole or entire plant go in the silo.

And I think it at the best stage soon after passing roasting ears and begins to glaze and the grain dent. Some of the bottom blades will begin to turn ripe about this time. Much more could be said concerning silos and ensilage, but I am only hurriedly jotting down a few mistakes and failures and so must pass from corn to

WHEAT.

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having and it looks like we will need all the straw from last year's crop to fill the gullies recently made in our present growing crop. Nor is this all. Tons and tens of tons of commercial fertilizers have been sold to us farmers at high prices and almost every man is in debt for it agreeing to pay it out of this growing crop. No trouble for the fertilizer agent to get in his work last fall, but the end is not yet.

Nearly every one seeded all the corn land to wheat and not content with that, many followed grass lands to increase the acreage.

The fall was very unfavorable for seeding and seedtime with most of us was in the winter time, most of us sow timothy with the wheat and will loose it also. Then to sum it up I am afraid we will find that it will take our entire surplus of last year to bring this crop up to an average, while the decreased area in pasture will bring loss to the extent that the stock carrying capacity is reduced. This condition or result is especially deplorable, for cattle and sheep are very profitable and high at this time and it is also absolutely necessary to keep a certain amount of stock if we maintain fertility. I confess that I made a mistake by sowing wheat too late in the fall, but as stock or dairy farming is strictly a specialty with me it is given first consideration. Consequently I am fortunate in being able to rejoice that my herd is larger and better than ever before, and while the results are highly satisfactory at present, I am not at all satisfied with less than 10 per cent. increase in butter production per cow this year. A better herd, better and more abundant food, better methods and consequently a better understanding not only leads to better results, but to the kingdom of better farmers.

CLOVER

"He that causes two blades of grass to grow where one formerly grew is a benefactor." Clover is universally and justly termed the "king of grasses," the great land renovator and next to the pea in value when both its value as food for stock and land is considered. Land requires feeding just as live stock does and requires very nearly the same kind of food.

To illustrate, farmers in this section have learned that their land responds best to fertilizers containing a large per cent. of nitrogen, (sometimes branded "ammoniated.") They are also fast learning that stock do much better when fed on food rich in protein. Now nitrogen is the basis of protein, and when a highly nitrogenous food is wanted we

see them buying cotton seed meal which contains 740 pounds of protein per ton and costs \$30., while corn meal contains only 154 lbs. of protein and costs at present the same \$30 per ton. Nitrogen is the costly element in both stock and plant food, and the air above and about us is inexhaustibly supplied with it, our land is deficient in it, and we try to supply it in commercial fertilizers, forgetting how plentiful it is in the air, rain and dew, and how cheaply it could be had if we only knew that in clover, peas and beans we have the connecting link or agent that has the power to draw from the abundance of one to supply the deficiency in the other.

Cow peas is almost a new crop in this county though several farmers are successfully and very profitably growing them, and one is only displaying his ignorance when speaking of it as an experiment, etc. I expect to seed considerable ground to peas this year, partly for hay, and also to cheapen the production of bacon, and incidentally as a fertilizer for the land.

I want to say, however, that I have no peas to sell and this article is neither intended to advertise peas or sell, but simply to insist that farmers sow more clover and peas. Now do not say that you can spare no money to buy the seed for if you have a farm that is worth living on, or have stock that is worth keeping, you can buy clover and peas.

I have spent considerable money for clover seed in the past 10 years, and have failed to secure a good catch very many times.

I have sown it in the fall when seedling wheat, also, in January and February on snow and frozen ground; also, in March when land was cracked open, but I never tried sowing in the light or dark moon, nor trusted to the goosebone or the groundhog sign.

The way that secures the surest stand is the best way and I shall be ready now in this month or early in April and as soon as the land is dry enough I shall seed my wheat land to clover and run a sharp smoothing harrow both ways regardless of the damage to the wheat. I must have clover even if I fail in wheat, if this fails I shall thereafter sow on thoroughly prepared stalk land without either wheat or oats with it.

MAKING AND APPLYING MANURE.

This is one of the most important things on the farm and undoubtedly receives less attention than any other part of the business. Consequently much could be put in the column of mistakes and failures under this head, and while comparatively little attention is ever

paid to this department at the present time, when I compare now with 25 years ago, I am ready to lift up both hands and thank God that our eyes have been opened, so to speak, and that we have a little better understanding. Commercial fertilizers at that day had never been used here, our fathers knew nothing of it, and perhaps did not need it as the land was fresh. Barnyard manure was thrown out in piles 6 or 8 feet high to be carried off when it rained, or rooted over the lot by the pigs and the farmer saved the labor of hauling it out and spreading it on the land. Yet we are told that in the good old days referred to, the people were more industrious and even more saving than at the present time. Without the least thought or reflection of disrespect in any way I cannot see it in that way. The farmer of 30 years ago would perhaps spend half a day making a 25c axe handle while the farmer of to-day, if he is wise, will buy the axe handle and perhaps haul out and spread 3 loads of the manure that his father wasted. My position is this: Make your axe handle if there is nothing more profitable to be done, make it while it is raining, but not while the sun shines, but collect and spread the manure. Go to three-fourths of the farms now in Breckinridge county and you will find manure from two to six inches deep all around the barn going to waste, while the farmer is going visiting, on others you will find an ash bank perhaps 5 ft. high that has been there for years; this farmer has no time to haul manure. I really know a man who has been so busy "doing nothing" during the winter that he has not cleaned out his stables for two years.

Of course all this is wrong. Yes it is poor business and wasteful indeed. I have about concluded that it will pay me to work one good man half the year in manufacturing and spreading manure, keeping stables clean, hog pens, straw stacks converted into manure, keep farm clear of weeds, repair breaks in the land etc., and do general work in the way of keeping up or improving the place. I know many will say that this would be too costly and one could not afford it. I then ask this question: Will not this man's work pay double the amount that it costs? In other words, is it not better on farms working two hands to reduce the crop half and work one man in making the crop and the other man in making the farm, how would the accounts stand at the end of the second year?

If I am wrong, will some one turn on the light?

Strength of Vegetation.
The United States Department of Agriculture has, by experiments, found that the force of a growing pumpkin was sufficient to lift two and one half tons, provided the weight is so placed as not to interfere with the growth or natural development of the vegetable. In London, a paving stone which weighed five hundred pounds, and which was wedged in on all sides by other stones, was lifted up by a mushroom. The growth of a big gum tree at Cienfuegos, Honduras, moved the walls of a concrete church, three feet in thickness, eighteen inches in seventeen years.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will give immediate relief to a child suffocating with the dreadful cough. Mothers, keep this reliable medicine always handy and it will save you many uneasy hours. It costs but 15 cents.

Without Change of Cars.
There is fact as well as humor in the assertion of General Passenger Agent Daniels, that "The Vanderbilt lines can ticket passengers from Chicago to Jerusalem with only two changes of cars—one at New York, where the traveler takes the steamship, and the other at Jaffa, on the Mediterranean, where he takes the cars for Jerusalem." It is true that the ferrage from New York to Jaffa is rather long, but aside from that the journey is all rail from Chicago to Jerusalem.—Railway Age.

Educate Your Howels With Castoreta.
Candy Castoreta, cures constipation forever, 10c. 25c. If O. O. O. fail, druggists refund money.

The Life of the Indian.
Recent observations among Indians show that in South America, as well as in North America, the red man lives longer than the red man. But the average duration of life is only seventeen years for both sexes in the South, and twenty-two per cent. of the Indians die during the first year of life.

"BIMI."

KIPLING'S BEST SHORT STORY.



THE ORANG-OUTANG in the big iron cage lashed to the sheep pen began the discussion. The night was stiflingly hot, and as Hans Breitmann and I passed him, dragging our bedding to the forepeak of the steamer, he roused himself and chattered obscenely. He had been caught somewhere in the Malayan archipelago, and was going to England to be exhibited at a shilling a head.

"It would be well for you, mine friend, if you was a little seasick," said Hans Breitmann, pausing by the cage. "You haf too much Ego in your Cosmos."

The orang-outang's arm slid out negligently from between the bars. No one would have believed that it would make a sudden, snake-like rush at the German's breast. The thin silk of the sleeping suit tore out. Hans stepped back unconcernedly to pluck a banana from a bunch hanging close to one of the boats.

"Too much ego," said he, peeling the fruit and offering it to the caged devil, who was rending the silk to tatters.

"If he was out now dere would not be much of us left hereabouts," said Hans, azily. "He screams good. See, now, how I shall tame him when he stops himself."

There was a pause in the outcry, and from Hans' mouth came an imitation of a snake's hiss, so perfect that I almost sprang to my feet. The sustained mur-

derous sound ran along the deck, and the wrenching at the bars ceased. The orang-outang was quaking in an ecstasy of pure terror.

"Dot stop him," said Hans. "I learned dot trick in Mopung Tansjon, when I was collecting liddle monkeys for some peoples in Berlin. Are you asleep or will you listen, and I will tell a dale dot you shall not believe!"

"There is no tale in the wide world that I can't believe," I said.

"Good! When I was collecting dose liddle monkeys—it was in '79 or '80, und I was in der islands of der archipelago—over dere in der dark—he pointed southward to New Guinea generally—"Mein Gott! I would sooner collect life red devils than liddle monkeys. I was dere for nearly a year, und dere I found a man dot was called Bertram. He was a Frenchman, und he was a good man—naturalist to the bops. Dey said he was an escaped convict, but he was a naturalist, und dot was enough for me. He would call all der life beasts from der forests, und dey would come.

"Und dot man who was king of beasts—tamer men, he had in der house shush shush another as dot devil animal in der cage—a great orang-outang dot thought he was a man. He haf found him when he was a child—der orang-outang—und he was child and brother and opera comique all round to Bertram. He had his room in dot house—not a cage but a room—mit a bed and sheets, and he would go to bed and get up in der morning and smoke his cigar und eat his dinner mit Bertram, und walk mit him hand

in hand, which was most horrible. Gott! He was not a beast; he was a man, und he talked to Bertram, und Bertram comprehended, for I have seen dem. Und he was always politel to me except when I talk too long to Bertram und say nodings at all to him. Den he would pull me away—dis great, dark devil mit his enormous paws—shush as if I was a child; und Bimi, der orang-outang haf understood us both, mit his cigar between his big dot teeth und der blue gum.

"I was dere a year, dere und at der oder islands—sometimes for monkeys and sometimes for butterflies und or orchids. One time Bertram says to me dot he will be married, because he haf found a girl dot was good. Den he haf courted der girl—she was a half-caste French girl—very pretty. Haf you got a new light for my cigar? Oo! Very pretty. Only I say: 'Haf you thought of Bimi? If he pulls me away when I talk to you what will he do to your wife? He will pull her in pieces. If I was you, Bertram, I would gif my wife for wedding present der stuff figure of Bimi! By dot time I had learned somedings about der monkey peoples. 'Shoot him!' says Bertram. 'He is your beast,' I said; 'if he was mine he would be shot now.'

"Den I felt at der back of my neck der fingers of Bimi. Mein Gott! I tell you dot he talked through dose fingers at me. He was deaf and dumb alphabet all complete. He slide his hairy arm round my neck und he tilt up my chin und look into my face, shush to see if I understood his talk so well as he understood mine.

"See, now dere! says Bertram, 'und you would shoot him while he is cuddling you? Dot is der Teuton ingrate!'

"But I knew dot I had made Bimi a life's enemy, because his fingers haf talk murder through the back of my neck. Next time I see Bimi dere was a

pistol in my belt, und he touch it once, und I open der breech to show him it was loaded. He haf seen der liddle monkeys killed in der woods und he understood.

"So Bertram he was married, und he forgot clean about Bimi dot was skipping alone on der beach mit der half of a human soul in his belly. I was see him skip, und he took a big bough und thrash der sand till he haf made a great hole like a grave. So I says to Bertram: 'For my sakes, kill Bimi. He is mad mit der jealousy.'

"Bertram haf said: 'He is not mad at all. He haf obey und love my wife, und if she speaks he will get her slippers,' und he looked at his wife across der room. She was a very pretty girl.

"Den I said to him: 'Shoot him when he comes to der house, for he haf der light in his eyes dot means killing und killing.' Bimi come to der house, but dere was no light in his eyes. It was all put away, cunning—so cunning—und he fetch der girl her slippers, und Bertram turn to me und say: 'Dost (thou know) him in nine months more dan I haf known him in twelve years? Shall a child stab its fader?'

"Dot next day Bertram came to my house to help me make some wood cases for der specimens, und he tell me dot he haf left his wife a liddle while mit Bimi in der garden. Den I finish my cases quick, und I say: 'Let us go to your house und get a drink.' He laugh und say: 'Come along, dry mana.'

"His wife was not in der garden, und Bimi did not come when Bertram called. Und his wife did not come when he called, und he knocked at der bedroom door und it was shut tight—locked. Den he look at me, und his face was white. I broke down der door mit my shoulder, und der thatch of der roof was torn into a great hole, und der sun came in upon der floor. Haf you ever seen paper in der waste-basket, or cards at whist on

dot could be seen. I tell you dere was nodding in dot room dot might be a der table scattered? Dere was no wife woman. Dere was stuff on der floor, und dat was all. I looked at dese things, und I was very sick; but Bertram looked a liddle longer at what was upon der floor und der walls, und der hole in der thatch. Den he began to laugh soft und low, und I knew und thank Gott dot he was mad. He nefer cried, he nefer prayed. He stood still in der doorway und laugh to himself. Den he said: 'She haf looked herself in dis room, und he haf torn up der thatch, fi done. Dot is so. We will mend der thatch und wait for Bimi. He will surely come.'

"I tell you we waited ten days in dot house, after der room was made into a room again, und once or twice we saw Bimi comin' a liddle way from der woods. He was afraid because he haf done wrong. Bertram called him when he was come to look on the tenth day, und Bimi come skipping along der beach und making noises mit a long piece of black hair in his hands. Den Bertram laugh und say: 'Fi done! shush as if it was a glass broken upon der table; und Bimi come nearer, und Bertram was honey-sweet in his voice. For three days he made love to Bimi, because Bimi would not let himself be touched. Den Bimi come to dinner at der same table mit us, und der hair on his hands was all black und thick mit—mit what had dried on his hands. Bertram gave him angare till Bimi was drunk und stupid, und den—"

Hans paused to puff at his cigar.

"And then?" said I.

"Und den Bertram kill him with his hands, und I go for a walk upon der beach. It was Bertram's own business. When I come back der ape was dead, und Bertram he was dying above him; but still he laughed a liddle und low. And he was quite content. Now you know der formula of der strength of der

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